

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

No. 49.

NEW-HAVEN, MAY 5, 1821.

Vol. V

MISSION TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Concluded from page 773.

From the Manuscript Journal of Mr. and Mrs. RUGGLES.

June 7. Capt. Guizley anchored here about 11 o'clock this morning, and brought news from our friends at the other islands—good news, refreshing to our hearts as a draught of cold water to the thirsty. Surely the Lord is on our side and is doing wonders for us. Our way appears to be smoothed before us, and we have nothing to do but to go to our work. O for wisdom, humility and faith. O for the spirit of Apostles and martyrs, that we may endure all things as good soldiers of the cross.

Sat. 17th. The week past I have spent principally in visiting the different parts of Wimai; believe there is scarcely a house that I have not entered and given my friendly Aloka. The more I visit and become acquainted with this people, the more I feel interested in them, and the more I desire to spend my strength and life in endeavouring to secure to them the eternal welfare of their souls. I sometimes feel almost impatient to know the language, that I may explain to them the way of life and salvation. What little I can say they will listen to with the greatest attention, but their answer will be "I want to know more, by and by I shall understand." One said yesterday, "the God of America is good, but the gods of Atooi are good for nothing; we throw them all away; by and by the American God will be the God of Atooi." The king appears more and more desirous for instruction: complains that he cannot spend time enough with his book, but says it is a time of unusual hurry at present, and he intends soon to give his time more thoroughly to it. He with his queen, and several servants, are able to

read in words of four letters; neither of them knew the alphabet when we arrived. Says the king at one time when I visited him, "Hoomehooome say you no tell lie, like some white men; now you must not tell lie when you go to Woahoo, but you must come back and live with me." The week past has been a busy time with the natives. The king's rent has been brought in from all parts of the island and from Oneehoow, a small island about 15 miles to the westward. It consisted of hogs, dogs, mats, tappas, feathers, pearl fish hooks, catabashes and paddles. This rent is to go to Owhyhee as a present to the young king. It was interesting to see the natives come, sometimes more than a hundred at a time, with their loads on their backs, and lay down their offerings at the feet of their great and good chief as they call him. When will the time arrive that they shall come and bow down to Jehovah, and give themselves living sacrifices to him who has purchased them with his blood. I trust the day is at hand.

Sabbath 18th. If I could but enter the sanctuary of God to-day in America, and unite with my beloved friends in the worship of Jehovah, my soul would receive a feast of fat things; but this privilege I am not again to enjoy. While I live I am to sojourn among heathens, a stranger and foreigner. And this I am willing to do, I heartily desire to do, if I may be made useful to souls, and serviceable to God. Seven Sabbaths since I have enjoyed the stated ordinances of the gospel. Not an individual on the island, except brother W. and myself, that regards in the least this holy day and the institutions of the Bible. All is confusion and wickedness as on other days; God is not known nor feared.

July 19. I have been employed this day in packing up my things, in order to return to Woahoo, expecting the king's schooner will sail in a day or two. The natives are busily employed in loading

the vessel with mats, tappas, &c. I have spent some time with the King to day, and received several presents from the Queen. I had an Owhyheean name given me immediately after landing; it is Neho-pahoo, (that is, fore teeth lost,) but to-day the king gave me the name Kacke, after himself, before he became king, and said I must no more be called Neho-pahoo S. R.

[Immediately after the above was written, Messrs. R. and W. sailed for Woahoo, where they were joyfully received. After a consultation with the brethren, it was judged expedient to comply with the earnest request of King Tamoree, that some of the missionaries should reside with him; and accordingly, Messrs. R. and W. returned with their wives to Attooi, where they arrived on the 25th July. On the day that they landed, the journal was resumed by Mrs. R. as follows:—]

Attooi, July 25. We embarked yesterday on board of the *Levant*, Capt. Carey, from Boston, and after a short sea-sick passage of about 24 hours, we landed at Attooi. The King and Queen, and their two sons, came on board to welcome our arrival.—Hoomehoomé told us that his father had frequently enquired what he thought with respect to our coming to live with him, and expressed his apprehensions that we should not come, but purposed to deceive him, as other white people had done. He however made every possible preparation, by procuring plantains, bananas, cocoanuts, melons, oranges and pine apples. We were invited to dine with our friend George, who had a dinner prepared of an excellent baked pig, beef, fowls, and vegetables. I think I never witnessed such expressions of joy on the arrival of friends as I did here. The Queen embraced me, seated me by her side on the mat, and told me that I must call her mother. She immediately sent her servants to prepare a house for us; they have furnished us with two bedsteads in the native style, and mats and tappas in abundance. In the evening the King sent us 13 bunches of bananas and 10 pine apples. Never before were our obligations of gratitude as great as

they now are. Surely the King's heart is in the hands of the Lord, and he turneth him whithersoever he will. After offering on the altar of praise, our evening sacrifice, we retired to rest, relying on the arm of Jehovah for safety and protection. N. W. R.

26th. We have found another quiet resting place on pagan land, guarded by the great Shepherd of Israel, who neither slumbers nor sleeps.—The natives continued to fetch us fruits until we told them we had enough. Spent the morning in writing to friends, and in the afternoon walked out with Mrs. W. on the banks of the river Wimai.—The natives appeared to have their curiosity much excited with the novelty of the scene, as we are the first white females who were ever on the island. We called at the door of an aged woman who knew not how to express her joy, but by saying "Aloha nooe roa nume oe makooah ori," that is, I love you very much, you must call me your mother. She gave us a number of oranges; we then returned to our cottage and resumed our pens, until we were interrupted by a call from the king and queen, with their numerous train. The King is 46 years of age, and his wife about 25. He is very pleasant and discovers a good degree of civility in his manners. He enquired whether my parents were living, and to whom I was writing.—I told him I left a mother and was writing to her, to inform her of his kindness to us. He appeared much pleased, and asked me if I loved her very much? I informed him that I did, and that it would do her heart good, to hear that the king and queen had kindly offered to be a father and mother to us. They then requested us to sing a few tunes, while Hoomehoomé played on the bassviol. We view the secret hand of our Heavenly Father with peculiar delight, and feel constrained to walk with cautious steps before him, in the sight of the heathen, lest we prove stumbling blocks, over which they shall fall into endless perdition. Our dear mother now views her children in a new and untried situation, without a minister of the Gospel to preach to them, or a physician to administer to their necessi-

ties in the day of distress; a little number of defenceless objects, on a land shrouded in moral darkness, where the Sun of Righteousness is scarcely risen. I am sensible that the heart of maternal fondness will now be moved with the liveliest sensations of affection and interest, for the safety and welfare of her dear children. But I think if *she* knew how cheerful and contented we are in our work, she would rather rejoice than otherwise. We trust the Lord our God is with us, and requires us to be patient and persevering in labouring for the heathen, with the animating hope that he will ere long send us a faithful servant, who will break to us the bread of life, and point these wretched wanderers to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. N. W. R.

July 28th. This afternoon the king exhibited a scene of plays, and gave us an invitation, to which we did not readily comply,—sent the second time,—accordingly we went; I don't know when I have had my mind more impressed with the vanities of the heathen, than I had in witnessing this scene. Oh when will this untutored tribe sit down at our Emanuel's feet, and receive the benign influences of the gospel.

July 30th. Instead of worshipping the Lord with his people, in a temple consecrated to his service, we have attempted to appear before him and call upon his name this day for the first time on this heathen isle, in our little sanctuary, made of cocoanut leaves. The royal family seated themselves on trunks and mats, and apparently listened to the word of life; while the common people crowded around without our yard, and pulled away the grass of which the fence is made, and presented their tawny countenances, anxious to see and know what new thing the white people were performing. But oh, how much more degraded their darkened minds, than even their miserable appearance; how impervious to the truth as it is in Jesus. We made use of Mr. Clarke's sermon, entitled "the church safe." Though the flock be scattered abroad in the earth, some of them as sheep without a shepherd, yet, consoling thought, in due season they

will be gathered, and there shall be one shepherd. N. R.

Aug. 1st. We expect the Levant will sail this evening, consequently our communications must be carried on board this afternoon. I have the pleasure to inform our dear friends on this last page of our journal, of our continued prosperity and hopes of usefulness; but we *cannot*, we *dare* not pretend much upon present appearances. We take pleasure in speaking of the wonderful dealings of God to this *people*, and to *us* as unworthy instruments in his service. The king and queen frequently visit us. Yesterday the queen sent six gown patterns to be made, and a present of pine apples. To-day the king has commenced a large building for a meeting and school house, in his own yard.

It is peculiarly pleasant to witness the interest this heathen king takes in preparing the way for the spread of the gospel amongst his people. He says he will protect as many as come here for this purpose. Though the promise of man, especially of a heathen prince, is not a sufficient warrant for one to engage in a great enterprise; yet have not the children of God *his* promise also, that he will supply *all* their wants, and will withhold no real *good thing* from them.—What more can the christian need for his security while labouring for Christ? What more can he desire in life or enjoy in the hour of death?

GREAT OSAGE MISSION.

From the American Missionary Register.

From the Rev. Mr. Pixley, Assistant of the Great Osage Mission, to the Secretary for Domestic Correspondence, dated Carlisle, Penn. March 22, 1821.

Dear Sir,—I am now one day's travel in the rear of our numerous caravan. At Harrisburgh, we found it necessary that another waggon should be employed, as there was at that place an addition of more than twenty hundred weight to be carried forward. This task devolved upon Brother Bright and myself, while the other members of the family proceeded on their journey. They, last

night, lodged at this place on the hospitality of the good people, and we this evening do the same.

It will be unnecessary to retrace to you the favour with which we have been received in the towns through which we have passed. At Elizabethtown, at New Brunswick, at Princeton, and at Trenton, the manner in which we were received can be better imagined than described. We were warned, exhorted, encouraged, and most affectionately bidden *God speed*, with many tears, expressive both of joy and of fear. I could not tell you, if I had time, what fervent prayers have ascended, and how many, whom we never saw before, have been dissolved in a flood of tears at our departure. It exceeds all description, and leaves us only a glowing remembrance of what cannot be expressed. We know, we feel, that we have the prayers of all lively Christians for our success in this our undertaking; and, you may rest assured, it is a great encouragement to us not to faint or fail.

Our family have enjoyed as much health as could be expected, considering the changes and fatigues to which we have been exposed. And, indeed, when we recollect the recent sudden change of the weather which took place from heat to cold, and severely blustering, it is cause of peculiar thanksgiving to God, that our usual degree of health was generally continued. A number have been partially sick from time to time. Some from the motion of the waggon, others undoubtedly from the effects of the water of this country, and perhaps others from fatigue to which they have not been formerly exposed. Such have found the Sabbath a most grateful season of refreshing to their weary limbs. Under every circumstance, however, there has been generally a degree of patience and of fortitude exhibited, not only among the males, but also among the females, which, to my mind, argues very favourably as to their future usefulness.

We have not always had such places to lodge, at, as Lancaster, Harrisburgh, and Carlisle; nor have we always found those who were very hospitable, and desirous to entertain us. But even in these

cases, we have seen some interpositions of God's merciful Providence, which have not a little encouraged and strengthened us. Brother Jones and myself, after securing accommodations for the females, cheerfully repaired to the barn for a lodging. While seeking a place of entrance, a man accosted us with the inquiry—"what are you doing there?" We replied, "seeking for a lodging." "Come with me," said he, "and I will show you where you can lodge." He accordingly conducted us across the field, probably a hundred rods, where we were kindly received and comfortably lodged. I might mention many unexpected favours which, from time to time, we have received from Christian friends, not in saying, "go, be ye warmed, and be ye filled," but in giving to us many tokens of their approbation and regard.

I purposely omit, at this time, a detail of our receipts and expenditures on the road, because my papers have gone on, and because the Superintendent and myself have not had the opportunity of making that joint communication which would make it properly appear, that we act in concert. Remember me affectionately to the Board; and if there is any thing you wish to communicate, we will receive it at Pittsburgh or Cincinnati. It will be perhaps ten days before we reach the former place, where I shall probably arrive before the rest of the family. I shall endeavour not again to delay so long in writing, though I steal something from my sleeping hours.

Yours, &c.

B. PIXLEY.

Mr. Z. Lewis.

From the Rev. Mr. Dodge, Superintendent of the Mission to the Domestic Secretary, Pittsburgh, April 10, 1821.

Dear Sir.—I now enclose to you my journal. We have been greatly prospered in our journey thus far, and have met with many kind friends on the way. We are now closing our business for our departure from this place. May God send his angel before us; and may we all be prepared for the allotments of his

Providence. Forget not to pray for us.

It has been a very hard journey for our family from Philadelphia to this place. Some of them have been very unwell, but we trust they are recruiting again. No one seems to look back, but all are apparently looking forward—all are in good spirits, and in readiness to depart.

We have received papers from government, by which we learn their willingness to assist.

Remember me to all our good friends in New-York. I must close this in haste.

Yours, in christian bonds,
N. B. DODGE, Jun.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE REV. MR. DODGE'S
JOURNAL.

Thursday, March 15.—At 11 o'clock, we assembled to take our leave of our christian friends in Philadelphia. After an interesting season at the throne of Grace, we took each other by the hand for the last time, and departed under the most favourable tokens of the Divine interposition. We travelled this day about 11 miles.

Friday, March 16.—This is a very pleasant day, and by the help of the Lord, we make good progress on our journey. O that our hearts may be advancing more and more to an heavenly frame!

Saturday, March 17.—We reached Strasburgh this evening, where we have been kindly received, and where most of the family will remain until Monday. It has been thought best, that brother Pixley should proceed in the stage, and pass the Sabbath at Lancaster.

Lord's day, March 18.—Preached three times at Strasburgh, and took up a collection.

Monday, March 19.—In consequence of the indisposition of some of the family, and of their uncomfortable situation in waggons, brother Whiting, of Strasburgh, very kindly offered his carriage, to convey them to Lancaster. At Lancaster, we found many warm friends, who would gladly have detained us for a season, that they might have opportunity to bestow their liberality. After dining

sumptuously with the Society's agent at this place, we continued our journey.

Tuesday, March, 20.—We proceeded this day to Harrisburgh, where we were very kindly received by the Rev. Mr. De Witt and his people. Brother Pixley preached in the evening, and a collection was taken up for the benefit of the Mission.

Wednesday, March 21.—This evening, we reached Carlisle, where we were also received with great cordiality, and entertained with Christian kindness. Attended religious exercises, and received a collection, and a valuable box of clothing.

Monday, March 26.—We lodged on Thursday night at Shippensburg, where we received some money, and a box of clothing; on Friday night, at Loudon's; and passed the Sabbath at Sidelinghill, where I preached twice, to an attentive audience. In each of these places we received much friendly attention. At Bedford, we arrived this evening, and are hospitably received for the night.

Tuesday, March 27.—This day, we ascended the heights of the Alleghany. The scenery presented to our view, is peculiarly calculated to excite a reflection upon the majesty of the great Creator of all things. *By the things he hath made, may we understand his eternal power and Godhead.*

Saturday, March 31.—We lodged, on Wednesday night at Laurel Hills; on Thursday night, at Youngstown; and on Friday night, at Jacksonville. This evening, after a journey of 17 days, we arrived at Pittsburgh; and we have abundant reason to notice, with gratitude, the hand which has led us here. Not an hour have we been detained by sickness, or by any failure of waggons or horses. Although some of the family have suffered much from extreme colds, and have been sick enough to have kept their beds, yet the Lord has so ordered it, that they have been kept along, without any detention. In Pittsburgh, we found brother Pixley, (who had gone forward a few days,) and the agents, busily engaged in making preparations for our departure. Our family are very agreeably situated in this city.

Saturday, April 7.—The whole of this week has been occupied in fitting and loading our boats.

Meeting for business.

On Friday evening, the Mission Family convened for the purpose of establishing regulations by which to be governed on the journey; the result of which was, that we arise at half past four in the morning, attend prayers at five, breakfast at seven, dine at half past twelve, and sup at six; and that we depart from this place on Tuesday next, at ten o'clock.

The following regulations have been established for the government of our hands, hired as boatmen.

1st. All the men employed by the Superintendent and Assistant, must arise precisely at the ringing of the bell every morning.

2d. They must attend on the worship of God, with the Missionary family, every morning and evening, at the ringing of the bell.

3d. There must be an obliging behaviour towards one another, and all the mission family, and no profane or indecent language used on any occasion.

4th. There must be no farther use of ardent spirits, than what is considered necessary by the Superintendent and Assistant. And, especially, there must be no buying and drinking of ardent spirits, in the different places where we stop from time to time.

To hands who will agree to these regulations, and who appear otherways qualified, we offer 50 cents per day, who will engage to go the whole of our journey, where we discharge them, giving them provisions to last them back to St. Louis. Under these conditions we have engaged nearly all the help we shall need.

We have engaged the same man to go with us as chief pilot, who went out with the Union Family the last year. He has been out since that time with the family who went to Elliot. He has just returned from his second voyage. You will understand that we go in two keel boats. As a steersman for the second, we have hired Mr. Barnes, who is attached to Mr.

Badger's company. He does not wish to go for wages, but considers himself devoted to the Missionary cause. His circumstances, I conclude, are well known to the Board. He wishes to go on, not only to help us on the way, but to tarry with us through the season. He is a man, we understand, well skilled in the carpenter and mill-wright business, and understands blacksmithing and shoe making. He appeared to be a man who might be beneficial to the Mission, and we should be glad, were it consistent, that he was joined to our family. If we are too fast in engaging him through the season, we wish you to let us know as soon as possible. The Agents, Messrs. Herron and Allen, in Pittsburgh, are remarkably active in assisting us. Many of the people here are very benevolent, and their donations amount to a very considerable sum. I cannot at present specify the full amount, but the Agents here will, undoubtedly, make a communication to you.

Monday, April 9. The weather is fine, and we are preparing to depart on the morrow.

Tuesday, April 10. This morning we expected to embark. The time is fixed at 10 o'clock. Brother Pixley and myself send our Journals separately at this time, as we journeyed apart, most of the way from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. NATHL. B. DODGE, Jun.

Mr. Pixley's journal, mentioned above, is not yet received.

UNITED FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

UNION MISSION.

In the following letter, Col McKenney, Superintendent of Indian Trade, has obligingly furnished us with an extract of a communication, lately made by the Union Mission, to the Secretary of War. This extract, it will be seen, contains some facts respecting the preparations at Union, which were not before known to the Board. It also discloses the feelings of Mr. Chapman in relation to the impending Indian war.

Office of Indian Trade, dated March 22, 1821.

Dear Sir—Thinking it would be gratifying to the friends of the Arkansas

Mission, I annex an extract of a letter received a few days ago, by the Honourable the Secretary of war, from Mr. Chapman, of the Union Mission. After announcing the arrival of the pioneers of the Family at the place for the Mission, he proceeds—

“We immediately commenced the erection of cabins for the accommodation of the family on their arrival. These cabins are five in number, united in one building, 80 feet in length, and 18 in width. Preparations are also making for inclosing 100 acres of land, or more, for tillage in the ensuing season. We have purchased five horses, and have in possession thirty-three head of cattle, and between 70 and 100 swine, all at the station. Our school will be opened this season for the education of Indian children, unless prevented by war. In case of war, we shall probably do little more than provide for ourselves, and make preparations for opening a school on a larger scale, when war shall have ceased.”

Mr. Chapman closes by referring to the measures, which the government has so wisely concerted for the government of the Indians; and, as war might prove fatal to the attempt to benefit them, expresses the hope that means may be adopted to stay its ravages, and reinstate the parties in peace; and explaining the causes why a more formal report has not been made.

From Mr. Chapman's letter, the friends of the Mission may draw the evidence of the state of *security* in which the family feel themselves. Mr. Chapman seems to dread nothing, except a *suspension* of the operations of the Mission, which, however, will give time to make arrangements for more extensive usefulness, unless the war shall terminate in the destruction of Indians.

Very respectfully,

Yours, &c.

THOS. L. M'KENNEY.

Mr. Z. Lewis.

A STUDENT AT COLLEGE.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. ———, A MEMBER OF ——— COLLEGE, AND THE REV. ——— of ———.

(Concluded from page 777.)

LETTER IV.

———, August 13, 1820.

My Dear Friend,—your interesting letter of the 5th inst. came directly to hand, and the ardent emotions of sympathy and benevolent desire, which it excited in our breasts, forbid me to delay, in return, to present you with a synopsis of our feelings, wishes, purposes, and plans on your behalf. I say *ours*, because, in the discharge of this office, I am the organ of a number enlisted in the same feelings and designs. My wife takes a deep interest in your case. She is a member of, and sustains an office in the Female Benevolent Society in ———, and will diffuse her feelings among the warm-hearted Dorcas of her sisterhood. My church is an education society, organized as such, and has annually, that is for two years past, and since its institution, transmitted about \$70 of property, in money, and clothing, to ——— College. I mention these circumstances merely to give you some confidence in the feelings of the Christians of ———. But now to the point. From the reception of your letter, my mind has been so strongly enlisted, that I could not rest till I had laid your case before several of my dear brethren, and of course have had occasion repeatedly to read them our correspondence, to introduce you to their acquaintance as far as I could, and consult with them relative to the best ways and means. The result of our deliberations is as follows:—

1. We take the liberty to dissent from your plan of a pedestrian expedition 6 or 700 miles, *sans* money, *sans* horse, *sans* every thing, in quest of health, lest you sacrifice your object in the very outset, and the chosen means of effecting, be the eventual means of defeating your end. Though to a young

man in robust health, a journey on foot might be a salutary exercise; a cedar bush a pleasant nocturnal retreat; and a light purse, no addition to the weight of his pack; yet, a *sick* scholar ought not to ape the manners, nor attempt to naturalize the habits of a marching soldier. This, in our view, and in your case, would not be trusting, but tempting Providence. Surely the performance of such a tour cannot be with you an object of posthumous ambition; though if it were, your laurels might bloom around, *Hic Jacet*, in less than a year. But health, and not sickness—a life of usefulness, and not an early grave, is your object. You can form no safe conclusion, in application to this question, from your journey from ——— to ——— College. The reason is fallacious. Then, you was in health, and able to endure fatigues and hardship. Now, your constitution is broken; your health is impaired; your strength feeble; and you are in imminent danger of a pulmonary consumption. The fatigues, privations, and anxieties of such a journey, would accelerate, rather than retard, the progress of disease; and probably ensure its fatal issue. And what would be the additional benefits gained, in comparison with those of an *equestrian* journey, provided you should return in no worse, or even in better health? The fatigue endured, and the time spent, would be double, and the expense incurred at least equal. *But*, you will say, *give this advice to those who have the means to profit by it: but as for me, alas! I have neither horse, nor money, and no alternative in my choice.* Reflect, my dear ———, that you are in a land of Christians, who are as willing to give, as to pray for the needy and distressed; and many of them stand pledged to their Redeemer, for your support and education. Do you not know that the earth and its fulness is the Lord's—His the silver and the gold?—and His the cattle and the *horses* on a thousand hills? He, therefore, bids you ride; and we know that when the Lord had need of a *horse*, there was one found tied at the cross road, and the earthly owner voluntarily resigned

him. Do not, therefore, my son, rashly adopt a plan, attended with so much hazard. If you will accord me the honourable relation of a *father*, allow me, I will not say the power of parental authority, but the right of parental advice.

2. You must gratify us with a visit at ———. Our hearts are set upon it, and we cannot be denied. Get all things ready, in the mean time, and immediately after commencement, or whenever you conclude to begin your journey, come directly on to ———. Get here as you can: it is but ——— miles, and it is your best course to ———. You will here find a father's and a mother's house; and, I trust, no cause to regret your trouble. You must bring with you (and you would naturally procure them if you should not come here) proper vouchers of your character, under the hand of the president or the faculty of the college. This you will feel is a reasonable requisition, a *sine qua non*, to prevent all suspicion of imposture, and entitle you to the patronage of Christian people in C—— to to whom you are yet a stranger.

* * * * *

3. We will endeavour to do something for you when you come. It is a privilege which we claim; a debt which we owe to the Redeemer, and to you as one of his family. We design, my dear child, that you shall not travel destitute of a horse or a purse north of C——; the latter I think you may count upon with certainty.

You must write me, in answer to this, as soon as you can. Mrs. ——— wishes you to mention if you need any articles of clothing, and what—that she and her sisters may have it ready when you come.

May the Lord direct and bless you; restore you to health; prosper you in your studies; and prepare you, in due time, to be a faithful and useful labourer in his vineyard.

Yours with paternal affection, &c.

N. B. I think it would be a good plan for you to get a ride this way with some of the gentlemen who may attend commencement. I shall try to engage some

one to bring you on. In the mean time, accept and use for your comfort the trifle enclosed.

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LETTER V.

— College, August 22, 1820.

Rev. and very dear sir,—Your letter of the 13th instant is now lying before me. I should have answered it immediately, but feared lest the ardency of youth, and high wrought feeling, might tempt me to use expressions more hyperbolical than my cooler moments would dictate.

When your letter arrived, I was about giving up the idea of my contemplated journey; but you revived my hopes, as a small shower from a benevolent hand revives the withering plant. Since I last wrote you my health has failed fast. A continual cough, united with my disorder of the breast, severely afflicts me; and the gloomy cloud, which at first was hardly noticed in my sky, has continually been blackening.

Before I proceed further, let me assure you, sir, that I feel my heart as it were crushed, by the kindness of a people who never knew me. Ah sir, were I able to pursue my first plan, and to have gone my journey *solus in solo*, my heart had never shrunk from fatigues and hardships; but when I see benevolence extending the charities that are sacred, my hand shrinks back, impelled by its own unworthiness. The feelings of a student are commonly *sensible*; of a charity student, *tender*; of a sick charity student, the most delicate. Judge, then, how I felt while reading your letter—a letter not dictated by selfishness, nor written with the pen of indifference; but a letter written by a pen dipped in benevolence, and guided by the fingers of love. I shall say no more on this point, for my pen is too full. I shall accept of your kindness, nor will I attempt to thank you—for I should do injustice to my feelings, and perhaps appear ridiculous: but I may pour out my thanks in secret, even to my Heavenly Father, and malevolence shall never accuse me of insincerity.

* * * * *

I took the liberty to show your letter

to President ———; it affected him little less than it did me. He feels much more alarmed about me than I do about myself, and advises me to leave college immediately, or put myself under the care of Dr. ———. I have done neither. I am hindered from the latter by the fear of expense; and from the former, because I wish to stay till after the examination. I shall then, if health permit, leave college a fortnight from next Thursday night; and, if possible, be in ——— a fortnight from next Saturday. I know not that I shall be able to walk this distance in two days, especially as I shall have a great coat, and some few clothes to carry; but if not, I trust the Lord will provide for me. As to clothes for my journey, tell my dear mother ———, that I do not know that I shall need more than I have. The ladies in ——— have been exceedingly kind to me. I shall wear a black suit which they gave me. This suit is much too good, but I have no other; and my next clothes must be made, according to the plan adopted by the students in college.

I would speak concerning the state of religion in this place; but I dare not: we stand in the most awful state of suspense—a cloud seems ready to burst upon us, but Christians will not pray with sufficient fervency to pierce it. O pray for us—pray for our college. I will give you further particulars when I see you.

I must now close, though I know not how to do so, but writing gives me pain. I hope to see you before long, and talk face to face—though I cannot then appear like myself. I shall certainly fetch proper testimonials of my character. Standing, as I do, perhaps upon the verge of the grave, I can have no motive to impose upon you. I hope you did not suspect me.

Salute your good people in my name. Tell them I may not be what they expect; tell them that my life may not be useful; tell them that the unsuspecting traveller may soon press beneath his feet the sods that shall cover my poor remains; tell them I may be a hypocrite; I may be a Judas; tell them this,

and tell them that whatever else I may possess, so long as I live, they will find that I have a grateful heart—a bosom that swells with gratitude.

I remain, my dear father, your unknown, though ever affectionate son, &c.

P. S. I found \$3 enclosed from you. Oh! sir, when a minister gives to me my heart aches. I fear you could not do this consistently with duty. It is the greatest present I ever received from an individual. I feel as though I was doing wrong to take it. Oh, it makes me feel little—it makes me feel little to live on the charity of others. I suppose I inherit too much of my father's independency of character—pride. Till I see you, thanks—tears prayers. Adieu.

THE SEQUEL.

Our young friend and correspondent ———, arrived at our house on Tuesday evening, much sooner than he had proposed, or we expected; his departure being hastened by his failing in health. We found him a very observing, ingenious, intelligent, affectionate and interesting young man, and hopefully possessing the greatest of all accomplishments—*piety*. He brought ample, and very honourable recommendations from President ———, his Tutor, Mr. ———, and others of the faculty of the college. His state of health was as critical as he had represented. The attending symptoms of pain in his breast, cough, and night sweats, were threatening; so that our fears and hopes about his eventual recovery, were equivoiced. The account which he gave us of the rapid progress of the revival in ———, and ———, was very animating, and the interest he appeared to take in it tended to endear him to us. In his countenance, figure, air, and manners, I recognized a resemblance of his father; the friend I once so highly valued, and whose memory will ever be dear to me. I put him under the care of Dr. ———, our family physician, a gentleman of experience and eminence in his profession, who prescribed for him and attended to him while he staid. During his continuance with us, his health appeared stationary.

He tarried till Friday morning, Sept. 8th, and then took his departure for ———. I was happily successful in hiring him a horse, and obtaining for him by charity a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of his journey, and rejoiced much, in being able to redeem the pledge I had given him in the promise of assistance.

In the whole affair, I could not but notice with admiration the hand of Providence, so manifestly displayed in all the circumstances and events which brought him to our acquaintance, and led to so interesting a sequel; thence gathering a pleasing hope, that it may be the gracious purpose of Him, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working, to restore this highly promising young man to health, and prepare him for service and usefulness in the Saviour's kingdom on earth. May God grant this desirable issue.

At his departure I gave him letters of introduction to the following gentlemen on his route:

[Here follows the names of 12 highly respectable gentlemen.]

After a prosperous journey, and an interesting visit to his sisters and friends in ———, and experiencing much kindness and hospitality from his new made acquaintances on the way, he returned here on Tuesday, October the 17th. His health was improved; his threatening symptoms gone; his strength and appetite daily increasing. On Tuesday the 24th he left here in good spirits, to resume his studies at college. Thus our hopes are realized; our prayers graciously answered; and let the praise be given where it is due.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY P. CLARK.

Communicated for the Religious Intelligencer.

"Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Such was the character and such the peaceful death of Mrs. MARY P. CLARK. Blessed Redeemer! let the illustrious

manifestations of thy love towards our departed friend, animate the hearts and enliven the graces of all thy disciples.

Mrs. Clark was the daughter of Dea. John Amsden of Deerfield Mass.; and after her marriage with Mr. Edwin Clark of Northampton, resided at the latter place until her death April 9th 1821; in the twenty first year of her age.

In the year 1816 she was deeply impressed with a sense of sin and the necessity of a renovation of heart and of an interest in Christ. The spirit of God continued to strive with her, and at times strongly reproved her of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. That fatal refuge, inability, was no longer her plea; she diligently used the means of grace, and through the mercy of God was led in the year 1817, to throw herself as a helpless perishing sinner, at the foot of the cross. Though the change, which ensued in her character, was apparent, it was not accompanied by any peculiar indications of delight or joy. Her mind became serene and peaceful, and love seemed in her the fulfilling of the law of Christ. The attributes of mercy and justice were in her apprehension equally excellent, and the rectitude of God's government she viewed as perfect, and his sovereignty as a source of great consolation. His word was precious to her and she made it the subject of her daily meditation. She deeply lamented original, as well as actual sin, and was enraptured by the display of the divine perfections in the redemption of man. But believing the heart to be deceitful above all things, and fearing the danger of *resting* upon a profession, she delayed making a public acknowledgment of her faith in Christ.

A few weeks previous to her last illness, her mind was more than usually exercised. Surrounded by all that could render life desirable, and in possession of that temporal prosperity, which so often induces a forgetfulness of Him who bestows it, her thoughts perpetually recurred to the subject of religion. And although at times she was ready to renounce her hope, at others she felt *that*, which was as an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast; and could with confidence

trust herself in the hands of God, firmly believing that He would keep that which was committed to Him, and that the Judge of all the earth would do right.

For two or three days after the commencement of her illness, nothing occurred to excite alarm; but on Thursday before her death she spoke of the uncertainty of her restoration to health; again on Friday, and observed also on Saturday that she viewed her situation as very critical. I asked her if she was anxious to live. She replied, "no." "Do you think you are prepared to die?" "I hope I am; I think I feel willing to trust myself, my all, in the hands of God. I feel perfectly calm, and willing that the Lord should do what seemeth him good. Perhaps it is stupidity; and O how dreadful the thought to go hoping down to hell. But if I am deceived, I desire that the Lord would undeceive me; and if I have an interest in Christ, that I may have evidence of it. When I reflect upon my past life I fear." "Can you not go with confidence to the blood of Jesus which cleanseth from all sin?" "Yes, I think I can. Oh! he is an all-sufficient Saviour, able and willing to save all who come to him. But M. pray for me—pray that God would make me to know my true character—pray for the continuance of my reason. I think I feel it going, but pray that God would continue it, and that he would receive my departing spirit. Pray in faith, for God always hears the prayer of faith. And Oh! my little one! commend it to Jesus." She then requested me to ask others in the family to pray for her. "Tell them also to pray in faith—if they will, God will certainly receive me." She requested also a prayer Meeting of members of the Church that evening, wishing them to pray that God would receive her at last, and desiring them to commend to Him her infant babe. "Tell them too to pray in faith. M. pray—pray much—live a life of prayer, and believe when you pray that you shall receive, and you shall have. Live to the Lord while you live, that when you die you may die unto the Lord. She added much more which I cannot perfectly recollect.

Her physician soon came in. She asked him if he thought it probable she would live through the night. His answer was that he could not see into futurity. "Well, sir, you can give me your opinion." "I do not see why you may not." "Do you think I shall recover?" "I cannot tell: I have seen those, as low as yourself, restored to health." Her physician soon retired, and I left the room. She evidently thought from his replies, that he considered her case as almost hopeless, and observing to some one present that this did not move her; after a few moments engaged in prayer.

Regardless of the presence of those and fearless of death, she bowed with humble confidence before the throne of grace, believing that God was a rewarder of all such as sought Him, and that it was impossible to please Him, or to have access to Him, without faith. The Holy Spirit helped her infirmities, and she found ready access to the mercy seat. And while the flame of heavenly love was glowing within her breast, the windows of Heaven seemed to open, and the spirit, descending like a dove, to rest upon her. She could tread the tempter under her feet, and bid defiance to the powers of sin and darkness. She could triumph over death and the grave, and penetrating the veil of futurity, behold the crown of glory, which was reserved for her in Heaven, and which the Lord her righteous Judge was about to bestow. She knew in whom she had believed; she knew that her Redeemer lived.

Were this the pen of even a ready writer, it could but very imperfectly describe the scene, to which I have alluded. As I entered the room, I heard her expressions of love and triumphant confidence, I exclaimed, "can this be mortal language?" Ah! it was the language of a spirit prepared for glory, and I was compelled to say, "mine eyes have seen of the salvation of the Lord." I again left the room to call the family, and was struck upon my return with greater astonishment than before.

Among a variety of other remarks, which I cannot now state with accuracy, she said, "what peace, what love I have! Can satan give such peace, such

love? No, satan I defy thee. I am safe and happy in the arms of Jesus.

"Sin nor satan cannot harm me
When my Saviour is so nigh."

I feel his presence, and the glory of his presence fills the room. I see him seated upon his throne of glory, and a convoy of his holy angels descending to bear me to heaven. I shall soon enter the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem and walk her golden streets for ever and ever. There I shall wear an unfading crown and swell the sweet notes of redeeming love."

Turning to her mother Clark, she said, "mother do you withhold me! How can you? How dare you? What! withhold me from God—from that world of eternal blessedness. It is criminal—it is wicked. Rather be thankful that I thus early take my flight from this world of sin and misery. Why has He thus chosen this vile worm of the dust? Why not taken you in your old age and released you from this prison of clay?"

There were many present. All were bathed in tears. Casting her eyes around upon them, she said, "weep not for me, weep for yourselves. Prepare to meet your God! Prepare for death; prepare for eternity. Repent, every one of you, and be converted unto the Lord."

"Sister L. hear my dying request. Flee to the blood of Christ and make the Judge your friend. Let me not rise up in judgment and stand as a witness against you in that dread day of decision, for surely I shall, if you are found on the left hand. Hear then my dying words, and let my last warning voice penetrate your soul."

"M. live devoted, wholly devoted to the Lord; live above the world and walk by faith in Christ. Be faithful to God—faithful to your own soul—faithful to the Church of Christ—faithful to the whole world. Pray to be made useful, and be faithful to my dear little sisters; be faithful to your neighbours—tell sinners every where to repent, and tell Christians to live devoted to God—tell them to live lives of prayer, and to pray in faith. Christians, come out from the world and let your light shine before men. Be decided, be bold; strongly

advocate the cause of your Saviour, and do all in your power to advance his kingdom in the earth; labour to send the Gospel to the heathen. I beseech you *act* like Christians; do not do as I have done. How much I have lost. You think I now enjoy a great deal, but you may enjoy the same. Only pray in faith. How easy it is to have faith if we want it. I asked of the Lord these three things, reason, faith, and an evidence of my true character. I have them; and therefore I know God hath heard and answered my petitions. I asked for the Holy Spirit; I received it, and so may you. You need not wait until you come upon your death bed. Ask it now; and O! close not your eyes in sleep this night until you have faith. Go to your closets, and there pour out your hearts before God; believe and he will hear and your joy shall be full; search the Scriptures—love the Gospel, and let the word be mixed with faith.”

“My dear husband, I love you and I have loved you too well. In this room we have passed many pleasant hours. It has always been a pleasant place, but is now ten thousand times more so than ever; for it is filled with the glory of Jesus. Forget it not: hither resort for meditation and prayer, and daily return thanks to the Lord for what he hath done for my soul. Make it a Bethel, and here continue your family altar, and offer unto the Lord a pure sacrifice. Be kind to the poor, the sick and the needy, and as far as is in your power alleviate the sorrows of the distressed. Be charitable and contribute of your substance unto the Lord. All you possess is his; make a right use of it. You may enjoy the good things of this life, but place not your affections upon them. Be not extravagant, and if possible curtail your expenses, that thus you may aid more effectually in sending the Gospel to the heathen,—to the many millions that are perishing for lack of vision. Obey the commands of God and follow Christ; spend much of your time in prayer; take time for prayer; and do not as I have done, think you can perform the duty better by and by, and thus wholly neglect it, for you there-

by rob God and cheat your own soul. Be faithful to that little one entrusted to your care: instruct it in the great truths of the Christian religion, and train it up for the Lord. Comfort my dear parents in their affliction; often visit them; bid them not weep for me, and tell them to live to Him who died for them and rose again; entreat them to bring to Christ their offspring in the arms of faith and he will receive them, and we shall all meet at last a happy family in heaven. Tell my dear mother to devote her spared life to God. Why should she drag along through her pilgrimage with so much toil and care? Bid her no longer live chained down to this low earth; and tell my dear father also to shake off sloth and fight manfully the fight of faith.”

“Where is father Clark? Father! your glass is almost run: see to it that the foundation of your hope is in Christ. May the light of his countenance be lifted upon you through life, and light you down the dark valley of the shadow of death. May His grace support you and all my friends. They will be supported—I have prayed for their support; and you, my dear husband, will have grace and strength equal to your day. Cheerfully consign me to the lonely grave, without a murmur, without a tear, without a sigh. Trust in the Lord; he will support you.”

Addressing herself to Mrs. Clark, she said, “I love you, and I have always loved you. I love you all; but I love my Jesus more. I shall soon go to dwell with him. He calls me, I know his voice; and I can now walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death, fearing no evil. Death has been stiled the king of terrors, but he has no terrors for me. O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory.”

Before this she had been very weak and restless, and she was now checked several times through fear that she would be exhausted; but she observed, “God gives me strength—do you notice how strong I am, and how loud I speak? and He it is who hath made my bed in peace. Yes,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are;
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breath my life out sweetly there:"

but I shall soon rise from this bed of down to the bosom of my dear Redeemer." She then repeated the dying christian:

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame," &c.

and afterwards remarked, "just before our Saviour's death his friends all forsook him and fled, but mine gather around my bed to administer to my wants." Drink was then handed her, which she received and said, "when Christ hung upon the cross, they gave him vinegar and gall to drink, but I have wine, the cordial of life."

She spoke much of her unworthiness and the great condescension of God in making her a vessel of his mercy. She requested us to sing, "Jesus how bright thy glories shine." I answered, "we rejoice in heart, but cannot well tune our voices." She reproved us, saying, "let your tongues praise him, that member which was made to praise him. Sing unto the Lord a new song, for praise is comely in his sight. Praise ye the Lord for it is good to praise him."

Medicine was soon after given, and for a little while she rested. She believed that every request she had made unto God that day would be granted. I asked her if she believed there would be a revival of religion in this place. "Did I pray for it particularly?" "I think not." "Well," she replied, "I will pray for it now." Surely, thought I, this is Jacob,—and this is none other than the house of God,—and this is the gate of heaven. And I was afraid, for how dreadful was this place!

Her physician came in and enquired how she did. "I am well, sir; God has removed all my pain, and has made my bed in peace; surely the Lord is good even to the unthankful and unjust." He observed that she must have rest. She replied with a smile, "I have rest both in body and soul. Sir, how blessed is the religion of Jesus! it will support us in a dying hour. Sir, do you pray? and do you always pray? re-

member that you have an immortal soul that will eternally exist, and that you must one day launch into the world of spirits and render your account unto the Lord. O prepare to meet thy God!" And to her other physician she spoke of the blessedness of religion, and enquired of him if he was interested in the atonement of Christ.

During the night she suffered exquisite pain, which caused partial derangement; still she had the powers of recollection, and spoke at intervals of Jesus and the supports of his grace.

Sabbath morning her parents from Deerfield arrived. She expressed much gratitude, and said "how good is God in granting me the privilege of seeing my dear mother once more; will you give her something to take and ask her here." They came in; she was calm; her father observed he was sorry to see her so low. She immediately rejoined, "Papa, it is rather a matter of rejoicing than sorrow." She gave them a correct account of what had taken place the day before, and said when she was told in the evening that her symptoms were more favorable, she could hardly be reconciled, for she thought it far better to depart and be with Christ, and yet she desired to suffer his will. She conversed some time with them with apparent ease and increasing strength, lamenting, in the course of her remarks, that she had not made a public profession of her faith in Christ.

In the afternoon of this day, her father took leave of her, preparatory to returning to Deerfield for the children. She enquired after them, and manifested much anxiety for the eldest: "do M. be faithful to warn her; do pray for her; and let us now unitedly pray for her." I believe it was the prayer of faith.

In the course of the day I asked her if she had faith for the inhabitants of Deerfield. She replied, "I have faith for all this region, for the Church universally, and the world at large. I believe that glorious day predicted in the word of God is fast ushering in. And M. it will soon be a glorious day here. O pray for it; you must pray for it; tell Christians they must

pray for it; and tell them to pray believing, and God will open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. I see the cloud gather and lower; prepare to have it break upon you; prepare to receive the spiritual shower, the gifts of the Holy Spirit." She was faithful to admonish me, and may I never forget the duties she enjoined. I can truly say, "it was good to be there."

On Monday, the day of her death, her bodily indisposition increased, but her mind, when she was capable of conversing, was calm, and death was without terror. "I feel," said she, "most heart-rending pangs; but Jesus still supports me. Yes, it is Jesus—Jesus, lover of my soul! Jesus! how I love his name. He is precious." "Is he more precious," I asked, "than all earthly friends?" "O yes," she replied, smiling, "he is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. I love his name; I love his character; glorious Immanuel! I am full; but weak and unable to talk. Do love him; do serve him; and receive him as a whole Saviour, for he is almighty to save, and there is none other." She avowed her confidence in his divinity, and spoke of death and the day of judgment; of the separation of the righteous and the wicked; and from her faltering lips sounded the admonition, "Be ye also ready."

On one occasion she exclaimed, "Lord Jesus! help me to lay down this clay tenement: into thy hands I commit my dust, my all: though sown in corruption, it shall be raised in incorruption; this mortal shall put on immortality, and shine in the spotless robe of my Redeemer's righteousness."

It was thought she could not survive many moments for several hours before she expired. Her eyes were many times seemingly set in death; but she was apparently called back to await the arrival of her friends. Thirty minutes before her death she was asked, "are you sensible you are dying?" "Yes." "Have you still the presence of your Saviour?" Smiling, "Yes." These were her last words. Her sisters came; she was

speechless yet seemed to express that she knew them. Her eyes were fixed on her eternal home, and soon she fell asleep in Jesus.

Could I relate all her different remarks, word for word, it would still be impossible to give them that emphasis and energy, with which they fell from her lips. He only, who was an eye witness, can have any just conception of the fervour which she manifested; and if this, as some may call it, be enthusiasm, would to God that all the church were thus enthusiastic, and every son and daughter of Adam an enthusiast.

"The soul
Has flashes, transient intervals of light,
Which suddenly present
A glance of truth, as though the heavens were
rent.
These are the moments when the mind is
sane;
For then a hope of Heaven, the Saviour's
cross,
Seem what *they are*, and all things else but
loss."

MRS. SALLY STORRS.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

Died, at Pomfret March 27th, 1821, Mrs. SALLY STORRS, the wife of Mr. Samuel Porter Storrs, aged 36. Mrs Storrs was the youngest daughter of the Rev. Aaron Putnam, Pastor of the first Church in Pomfret, who died in 1813.

Her pious parents not only dedicated her to God in baptism, but early instructed her as well as their other children in the precepts and duties of the christian religion. Their labour was not in vain in the Lord. In early life she became hopefully pious. In the days of her youth she remembered her Creator and consecrated herself to his service. She united with the church in Pomfret, in April 1808.

She appeared to walk worthy of her vocation. Her intimate acquaintance could not doubt her piety. Her religion had nothing of gloom in it. It was evident from her temper and conduct that she found wisdom's ways to be pleasant, and her paths peace. To a disposition naturally amiable, religion added her peculiar charms. She never manifested any thing like moroseness, or ill humor. It is doubtful whether any person ever saw a frown upon her countenance. She was always pleasant, and unruffled; anger never appeared to rest in her bosom. She sustained the relations and performed the various duties of a child, a sister, a wife, and a mother in such a manner as endeared her to all her acquaintance. In her last sickness she appeared to possess the consolations of religion. She was

calm and composed in view of the approaching scenes of eternity. In death she had a hope full of immortality. She has left an afflicted husband, three small children, an aged mother, a brother and several sisters, to mourn for her. But they do not sorrow as those who have no hope. They believe that she has made a happy exchange: that she died in the Lord and now rests from her labours in the beatific presence of God and the Lamb.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The public are respectfully informed that the fifth anniversary of the AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY will be celebrated in New-York, on the second Tuesday (the 10th) of May inst. The meeting will be held at the City Hotel in Broadway. The officers of the Society and the Board of Managers will meet at the Manager's room, in the New-York institution at 9 o'clock, A. M. and at 10 o'clock, A. M. will move in procession to the City Hotel. The President will take the chair precisely at half past 10, when the meeting will open, and the proceedings will commence.—The Report of the managers for the past year will be read, and a number of addresses will be delivered appropriate to the occasion. The members of the Society, and all those who feel interested in the great object for which it was formed, in the city and country, are respectfully invited to attend.

Theodore Dwight,
John B. Romeyn,
James Milnor,
James M. Mathews,
Thomas Eddy,
Henry Rogers,
Leonard Blecker,

Committee
of
Arrangements.

MISSIONARY FIELDS.

We are happy to learn that the plan proposed in our paper, a few weeks since, entitled "It will be done," has met with universal approbation. The subject has been taken up with spirit in several places. In one of our country towns, we understand that ten acres of valuable land have been gratuitously devoted to this object, and sufficient labour already offered to cultivate it. If every town in New-England, of equal size, will appropriate and cultivate faithfully half this quantity, we shall no longer be obliged to turn a deaf ear to the cries of the millions who are perishing for lack of knowledge. Surely *It will be done!*

The missionary garden cultivated by the students in college has already assumed a beautiful order, and if it does not abound with beds of fine roses or sweet-scented flowers, it will doubtless produce a sweet smelling savour that will be more acceptable to Him to whom it is consecrated. There must be a peculiar satisfaction while labouring in a missionary field in contemplating the extended

system of operations, the connection between cause and effects. We are actually cultivating the earth and raising vegetables for the support of our missionaries in India, the Sandwich Islands and among the Indians; and the labour will be sweet when we reflect that we are in effect furnishing the heathen with a preached gospel and the bread of life, without crossing the ocean, or encountering the dangers or the trials of a missionary life.

POETRY.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

"Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward?"—Ecclesiastes 3 21.

Say'st thou, that when this light has fled,
The spring of mental life is dead?
Say'st thou, that when this cheek is pale,
The spirit's ardent glow shall fail?
Say'st thou, the soul returns to clay
When these poor pulses cease to play?

Then let us mourn, if hope expires,
When this frail lamp resigns its fires
If Man so fashion'd like a God
Must never burst the prisoning sod,
With maniac sorrow let us rave,
And shrinking rend his marble grave.

Dash then away the fruitless tear,
And rush in pleasure's mad career;
To mirth devote this niggard span,
This little dateless life of man;
Mock, self-controll, grave wisdom spurn,
And heedless seek the destin'd urn.

Ah Sceptic! why wilt thou essay
To rend the balm of life away?
To plant with goads the path of toil,
To strew with thorns a barren soil,
To shroud with cold and rayless gloom,
Our weary journey to the tomb?

Think'st thou the Power that spread the skies,
So just, beneficent, and wise,
Hath Man's unbounded powers bestow'd,
Merely for earth's fallacious good?
Oh pause! A spirit answers No,
For boundless joy, or boundless woe.

Look up, and let thy doubtful eye
Sparkle at immortality:
Rend from thy soul its abject chain,
Thy "Maker in thy mind retain,"
And bid it love that hope sublime,
Which soars o'er mists, and wrecks of time.

* "As they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, he gave them over to a reprobate mind."

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